The henloft. All this is nought,
Harke you miſtreſſe *Anne*.

Shal. Hee will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he ſhall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I by God that I will, come cut and longtaile, as good as any is in *Gloſterſhire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Anne. O God, how many groſſe faults are hid
And couered in three hundred pound a yeate?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two ile tell you more

Slen. I thanke you good miſtris *Anne*; Vnckle I ſhal haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come in, and you M. *Slender*, and you miſtris *Anne*.

Slend. Well Nurſe, if you'l ſpeake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit all but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile ſpeake what I can for you,
But ſpecially for Maſter *Fenton*,
But ſpecially of all for my Maſter.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter Miſtris Foord and her two men.

Miſ: For. Do you heare? when your Maſter comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your Maſter bid you ſet it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forſooth.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Miſ. foord. Sir *Iohn*, welcome.

Fal. What, are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ. foord. He is gone a birding ſir *Iohn*, & I hope will

will not come yet.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

Gods body here is Miſtris *Page*,
Step behinde the Arras good ſir *Iohn*.

He ſteps behinde the Arras.

Miſ: Pa. Miſtris *Foord*, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hee's comming to ſearch for your ſweete-heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Miſ: For. O God miſtris *Page*, the Knight is here,
What ſhall I do?

Miſ: Pa. Why then y'are vndone woman,
Vnleſſe you make ſome meanes to ſhift him away.

Miſ: For. Alaſſe I know no meanes,
Vnleſſe we put him in the basket againe.

Fal: No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ: For. There they vſe to diſcharge their fowling peeces.

Fal: Why then Ile go out of doores.

Miſ: Pa. Then you are vndone, y'are but a dead man

Fal: For Gods ſake deuiſe any extremity,
Rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ: Pa. Alaſſe I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And ſo eſcape.

Miſ: For. That's well remembred, my maids Ant *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Miſ: Pa. And ſhe is altogether as fat as he.

Miſ: For. I that will ſerue him of my word.

Miſ: Page. Come goe with me ſir *Iohn*,